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#2



YOUR TAX DOLLARS AT WORK

INTRODUCTION/EDITORIAL...

I am very upset that it has to come to this. What I am about to say is a horrible cliché 'of zinedom and D.I.Y. activity on all fronts. I have acted to avoid ever needing to say it, but situations warrent this statement...

I AM SORRY THAT THIS IS SO LATE.

Sure, most people didn't even know it was supposed to exist, but this is a documentation of events that happened a full year before publication. PAYBEV #1 was delayed slightly because I had to rely on outside sources for certain graphic design and photographic resources, this one is delayed for even more indirect reasons.

The idea of doing a zine based on the idea of protesting as entertainment was already in my head in summer of 1997. The July 19 anti-Nike protest seemed perfect as a premier issue subject, so the ball was rolling. A few weeks later, I happened along a protest that I was not at all involved with, and not especially in agreement with either. In light of my "project" coupled by the voyeuristic essence of human nature, I thought it would be appropriate to watch this event as another person would watch a sports game. I applauded what I liked, complained about what I didn't, and took pictures of what I thought would be interesting. (The horrible quality of the pictures taken with my crappy camera resulting in my getting of a better one in case this sort of thing ever happens again..)

The proverbial one thing led to another, and, as the following pages explain, I wound up involved with the whole event. I actually felt that my involvement wasn't inappropriate, and that I certainly could have avoided the whole fiasco if I had stood aside or kept walking or whatever. Any hassle I got involved in I ask for no sympathy for. The thing I find odd is that while I spend the next few months dealing with Internal Affairs and such, the kids that were involved didn't seem nearly as interested in follow-up as I was. I have repeatedly asked a few of the key players to either give me information, stories, anything I could use for this 'zine. I offered to help however I could (I have various resources that would be of use to people in such a position) and provide copies of my photos. For the most part, nothing. No reply. My friend Carolyn was still a minor, and her parents did not want to pursue a wrongful arrest suit, they were just happy that she didn't have a record at the end of this. While I disagree with this, I am not a 40-50ish suburbanite that has worked my whole life to support a teenager, so I am not really in a position to say that I would spend my money on legal fees on a lofty but pessimistic court case if I were.

The guy who I thought was being picked on never called me back. The innocent bystander who got arrested for no reason, and as

The price of this publication includes stickers. If yours did not include any, or you would like more, please send a S.A.S.E. with a brief note. Except for the letter and handbook reprints, all photos and text copyright 1998 by Rich Mackin Any non-profit reprinting (with credit, please) encouraged.

Thank you for reading,

Rich Mackin
P.O.Box 890
Allston MA 02134

a result got fired, returned my call but nothing happened. The guys that organized it had a 1 month anniversary protest, but that seemed to be the last. I hear the guy whose arm got busted followed through, but nobody kept me up to date.

Again, I am not in the position to say that any of these people should have lived the last year of their lives reacting to this event. It just seems that the guy who had the least personal trouble was doing the most follow up. I hope that those whose rights were infringed upon did something, even if they didn't feel the need to communicate their efforts to the weird guy who wants to make some weird zine about it.



Protesters trying to block entry to Capital Grille. You can barely make out short girl holding sign being grabbed. While I acknowledge she may be breaking a law, I noticed numerous people tried to pull her away, but left the larger male protesters alone.



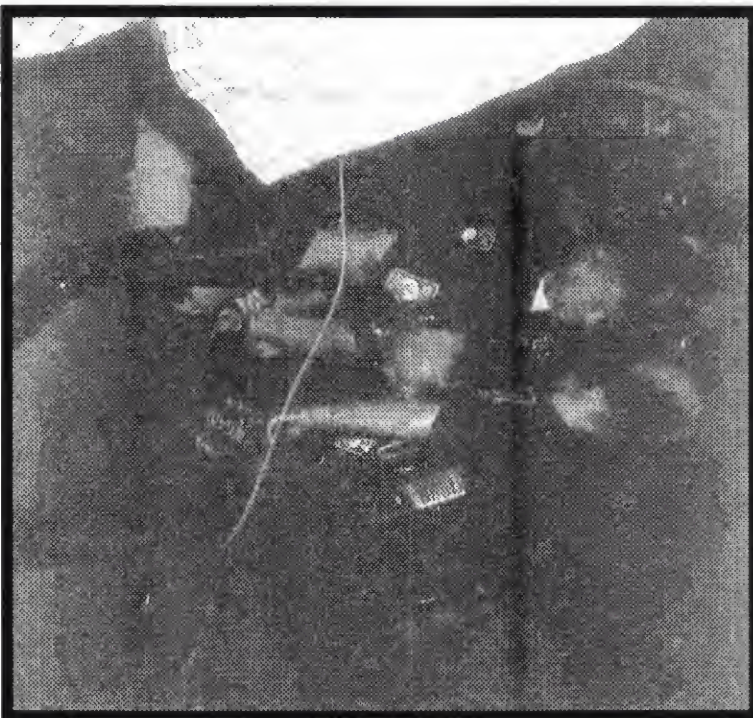
Poorly lit protester.

Is this really protest, entertaining, or a value?

No. Well, maybe. My original idea behind the title is that you can get a bunch of friends together, do some silly stuff, and make a statement, and hopefully make the world better in some small way. In doing so, you are being social, creative, possibly artistic, and having a positive impact. Maybe not as fun as seeing your favorite band live, but certainly better than going to a noisy, smoky club for a ten dollar cover in order to buy four dollar drinks and listen to uninspired music just to be able to say that you "had something to do" and "went out." Over the years, I have talked to many people who do that every week, sometimes several times each week, and rarely is their supposedly "fun" experience considered enjoyable at all.

Memory can be a funny thing. What we look back on with fondness is often something we hated at the time. Near death situations often trigger positive effects. Events that are awful make better stories than ones that are fun. Pain in the ass relatives that you hate to deal with result in the best anecdotes and stand up comedy. I have found that activity that is not necessarily enjoyable at the time becomes enjoyable if you think of it in the context of what a good story.

There are many people who think that going down to internal affairs to report police misconduct, or going to a court house to get a first hand account of a trial is a waste of time. But some of these people see nothing wrong with waiting in line for hours for entry into the "cool" brewpub or nightclub. I could go on, but I am sure you get the point.



PART 2

A month after the Capital Grille protest, there was a follow-up protest. This time, the focus was as much of an anti-police brutality protest. Since this was also on the heels of the well-reported case of New York Police officers shoving a plunger repeatedly up a man's rectum (as if beating him up wasn't sadistic and demonstrative of sexual frustration and latent homosexuality enough), I thought that there would be a bigger show of interested people. But the weather was merely nice, and not beautiful like the last event, so only vested parties came. The police did show, but were very well behaved this time, so the interest was basically in the irrelevant.

In addition to the mostly punk rock protesters, there was a group of punk rock squatter kids hanging out in front of Tower records. They were very vocal about what poser hypocrites the protesters were, shouting about anarchy before going home to mommy. I do not really disagree with this sort of point, but at the same time, spending days on end drunk off cheap beer on the sidewalk doesn't exactly work as a force for change either. Given the choice of well intentioned active kids that might not always practice what they preach and kids that preach becoming human garbage, I prefer good intentions, even if it involves some hypocrisy. Being 18 and having had 3 strokes is not something worth bragging about. Living independant of the system is one thing, leeching off it is another.

Finally, the third group showed up. The anarchy circus kids, a roving group of more-or-less punk kids that included a casual acquaintance, and ex-girlfriend, and my friend Skott, all of whom had been wandering the country doing bizarre acts. They showed up randomly, unaffiliated with the protesters, but mostly acting on their side, but occasionally going into an irrelevant dance routine or chorus line, which confused everyone and upset a few of the serious protesters. They redeemed themselves by donning dog masks and doing a series of mini-plays about human-animal relations.

I have known Skott many years, and he is the type of guy that shows up out of nowhere wearing a dog mask (or stilts, or both) and you don't even think about this being unusual.

The most heated event this night occurred when some passerby started heckling the anarchy circus activity. As he was wearing a Nike shirt, everyone started yelling about sweatshops, but oddly enough, this devolved into an intelligent conversation. Maybe there is some hope after all.

YOUR TAX DOLLARS AT WORK

or

Was I being Served or Protected?

(extended mix)

By Richard Mackin

I am proud of myself for being a concerned person. Several years ago, I was at a public lecture in a huge building, where I found an elderly blind couple, hopelessly lost. I set aside what I was doing to help them find their way. This made me late for something else, but the people I was supposed to meet said that they thought it was good what I did.

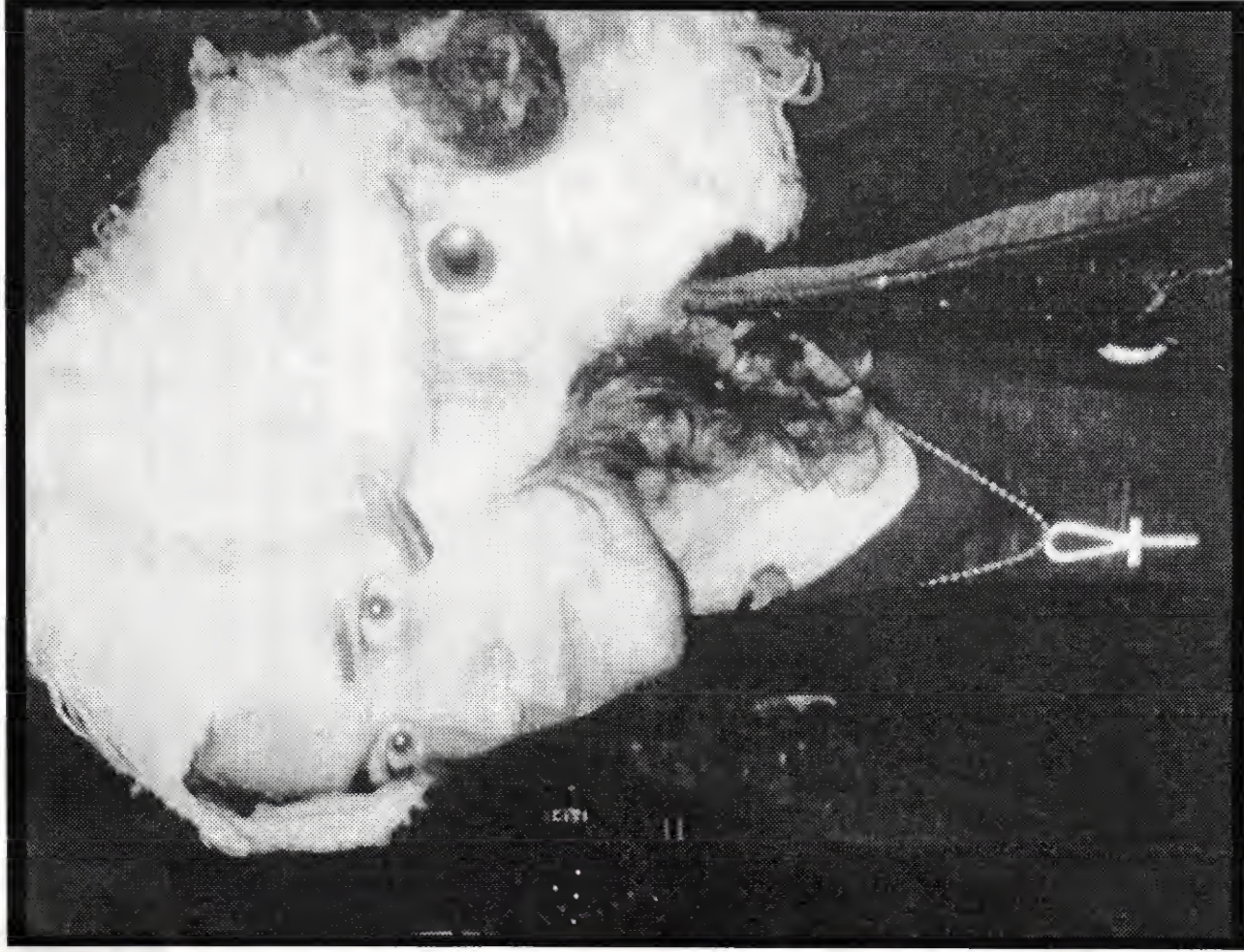
Another time, an apartment building near mine caught fire. The fire was put out, but the situation resulted in the building being uninhabitable until the next day. I approached the Red Cross people, told them I lived next door, and volunteered any services or items I could. These full time volunteers repeatedly told me how great it was that I took an interest in my neighbors that way.

On July 19, I was walking down Harvard Ave when I saw an elderly man collapse. He did not respond to me. I couldn't do much besides make sure 911 was called and offer to help whoever arrived. I wasn't able to really do anything, but both the policeman who arrived and the old man's friend made it a point to tell me how happy they were that I didn't just mind my business, that I was at least willing to get involved.

On Friday, August 8, I was at the corner of Newbury Street and Massachusetts Ave with my friend Carolyn. It was about 8pm. If you aren't familiar with this corner, it is one of the places that any Boston resident between ages 14 and 30 can run into half the people they know. Not suprisingly, I ran into various people I know, mostly friends that I met while at Mass College of Art. Oddly enough, if it wasn't for the fact that my then girlfriend, now wife's birthday wasn't coming up soon, I would have merely said "hi" and kept moving, but I stopped to inform my friends of the upcoming birthday party, and how to get there.

While I was giving directions, a group of punk rock teenagers began to gather. Apparently they were just about to start an vegetarian/animal rights protest at the Capital Grille Steakhouse across the street. The kids were mostly high school age, the kind of kids who are well meaning, but naive, who declare class war but go back to suburbia for a nice dinner. They were covered in patches, as the kids tend to these days, but weren't to dirty or spiky or scary.

Neither Carolyn nor I are vegetarian, and I don't think my other friends are either, but we all were somewhat politically active, so we watched the protest with interest. In the back of my mind, I was thinking about doing a zine about protests, so was considering that this would be worth watching. We had mixed



Skott

CIVIL RIGHTS AND LIBERTIES

Stop and Frisk

While a police officer may approach and ask of any citizen his/her voluntary cooperation, a police officer cannot legally stop and search you without a good reason, based on specific facts and reasonable inferences, for believing you are involved in a crime that is about to happen, is happening, or has happened. The police officer cannot stop you because s/he doesn't like your looks, or because of who your friends are, or because you're a member of a certain group or organization.

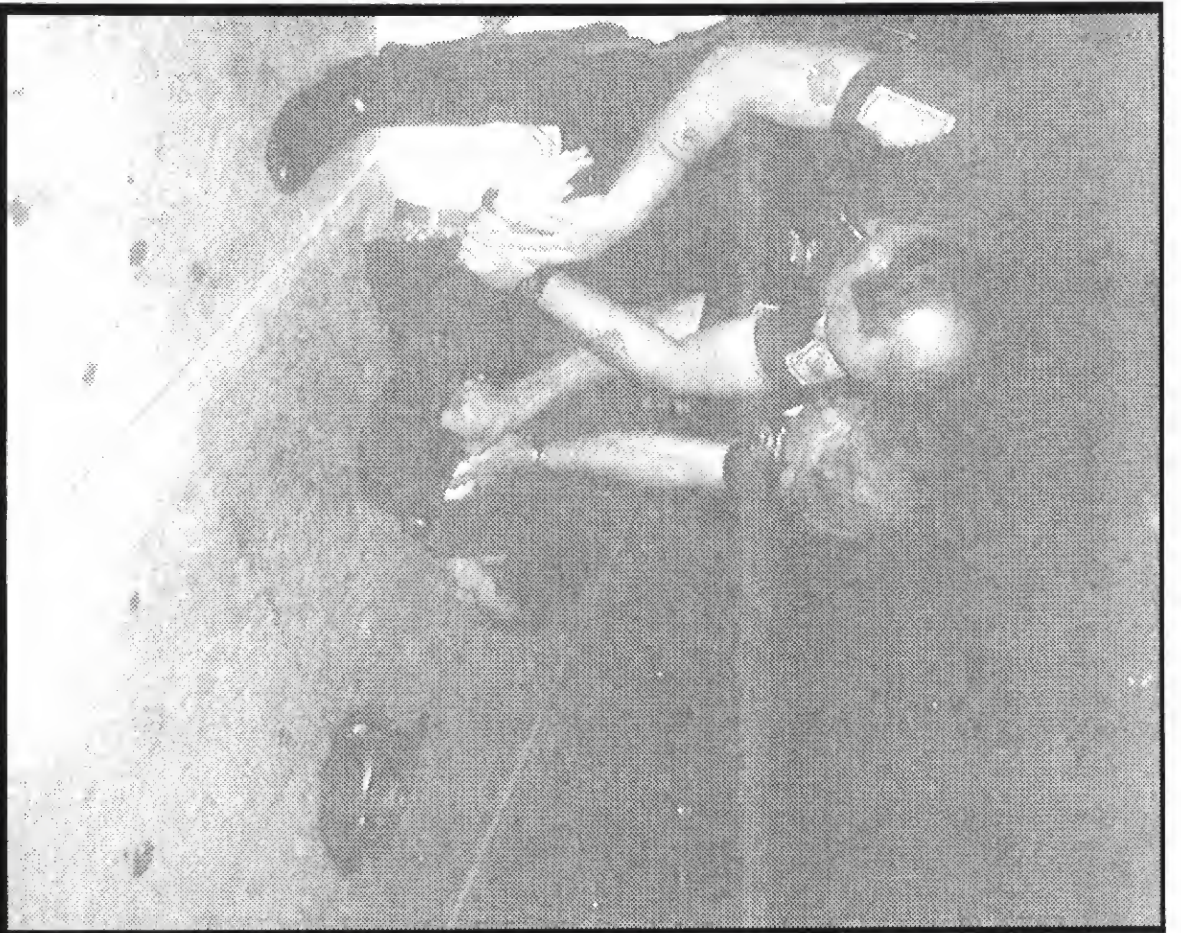
The fourth amendment of the Constitution of the United States and article 14 of the Massachusetts Declaration of Rights establish your right to be protected from unreasonable searches by the police.

Police may not physically or verbally abuse you. Also, police may not threaten you with a gun, or threaten to arrest you when they have stopped you, unless there is sufficient cause for arrest. The police are restrained by law, just as any other citizen, from intimidating people without justification.

Guidelines for Stop and Search

The following guidelines are based on police guidelines and legal definitions of stop and search:

The STOP: If the officer has objective facts which, in light of the officer's training and experience, lead the officer to believe criminal activity is taking place, the officer may stop you. There is no definite time limit for a stop: it depends on the seriousness of the crime for which the officer has reason to suspect you. The police do not need to have as much evidence of a crime to stop you as they need to arrest you, but they can't stop you just because of a suspicion or a hunch. The police may stop you and conduct a "threshold inquiry" of you when they have reasonable suspicion to believe you are involved in, were involved in or are about to become involved in, illegal activity. The officer is supposed to identify himself/herself to you, unless they are in uniform.



YOUR TAX DOLLARS AT WORK

Taken from
"The Citizen's Rights Handbook"
published by Citizens For Safety
100 Mass. Ave, Boston, MA 02115
Massachusetts Law, your state might differ.

Mr. Richard Mackin
150 Commonwealth Avenue
Allston, MA 02134

February 13, 1998

RE: I.A.D. Case #138-97

Dear Mr. Mackin:

Thank you for taking the time to write to the Internal Affairs Division, to express your concerns over the actions of Police Officer Richard Harrington. Your complaint of misconduct on the part of Officer Harrington has been thoroughly investigated by the Internal Affairs Division.


A careful review of the facts surrounding the incident about which you complained has concluded. Based on the evidence uncovered by this investigation, a violation of a Boston Police Department Rule(s) has not been confirmed.

An investigation which fails to prove or disprove a complainant's allegations is classified as "Not Sustained". Accordingly, I have recommended to Police Commissioner Paul F. Evans that this violation be "Not Sustained", and the Police Commissioner has accepted this recommendation.

Should you have any questions regarding the disposition or investigation of this complaint, please contact the Internal Affairs Division at (617) 534-5600. Thank you for your cooperation in this matter.

If you feel that there was any procedural problem with the Internal Affairs investigation you may request an appeal through the Community Appeals Board, by contacting ~~617-534-5600~~. This request which must be made within fourteen (14) days of the receipt of this letter, may also be mailed to the Community Appeals Board, Post Office Box 6410, J.F.K. Station, Boston, MA 02114.

Sincerely,


Ann Marie Doherty, Superintendent
Bureau of Internal Investigations

feelings about it and the tactics being used. Pretty much, we were acting like we were in MYSTERY SCIENCE THEATRE 3000 or something, saying what points we liked and disliked and so. For instance, certain protesters were yelling in ways that you could tell were straining their voices, so eventually they would have to stop. The signs for the most part were shoddy and hard to read, and since we were mostly artists, we discussed how our signs would have been better.

If for nothing else, the noise, timing and placement caused a crowd to gather. Virtually anything said loud enough in Boston will draw a heckler or counter-protest, so it was a matter of time before jocks showed up and shouted pro-meat rhetoric, if you can call half-assed insults rhetoric. The activists answered with chants of "You eat meat, meat has fat, that is why you look like that!"

As a whole, however, I was impressed with the kids and their strength of belief. Personally, I thought that the protest would've been better at any McDonald's, but apparently this place was chosen for it's high prices and lack of any non-meat choices. Some of the protesters did do a series of anti-McDonald's protests a few months later. I was especially impressed, though, that when the cops arrived, the kids held their ground. I expected most, if not all, to flee, but they kept at it, even though they risked not only arrest, but a showing of police brutality worthy of any punk rock stereotype of how cops are.

I was not suprised that the protesters were arrested, they were blocking the restaurant's doors after all. I am not so sure that it takes 2 policemen to wrestle a nonviolent protester to the ground and have one hold his head down while the other handcuffs him. I am not so sure that a 14 year old girl needs to be handcuffed behind her back and put face down on the sidewalk for several minutes before being put into the waiting police van. Several days later, I asked a friend why cops would do this, and I got more speculation into the sexual fantasy life of a fat middle aged cop than I really wanted.

Even the police didn't think that it was necessary for one guy's wrist to be broken, he was released later with all charges dropped. But I think the most obvious lack of judgement was the fact that the several cop cars and van were all stopped in the middle of the street at a busy intersection. Nothing like causing a traffic jam and having flashing lights to diffuse a crowd.

It was after all of the protesters (as well as some guy who was walking by with a guitar strapped to his back, and another who had picked the wrong time to come out of the adjacent door to have a cigarette) had been arrested that the police tried to disperse the crowd. This, of course, seemed to make the crowd more determined to close in. Meanwhile, some poor guy, a thin

Boston

black man, who seemed not to care about any of this was trying with great difficulty to walk his bicycle through the dense crowd. A very grumpy looking older white guy with a golf shirt and big belly started shoving him and screaming for him to "GET THE F*CK OUT OF MY WAY!". The black man didn't move (he didn't have anywhere to go) but didn't shove back either.

I, being the concerned citizen, turned to several uniformed police officers, raised my hand in the air and shouted "OFFICERS! OFFICERS! WE HAVE A SITUATION HERE! THAT MAN IS SHOVING THAT MAN!" as I pointed to the respective parties.

The older white guy heard this and came up to me, repeatedly jabbed me in my neck and screamed in my face "You got a F*cking problem with me?"

I was shocked and confused when an officer came to me and asked if I wanted to go to jail. "NO," I said, confused, "I'm not even involved with any of this. This man is assaulting and threatening me and was assaulting that man."

Carolyn saw this, and tried to get the attention of other police, telling them that I was uninvolved until I witnessed the shoving. The police were uncooperative, and she asked for a badge number when SHE was arrested.

When they put her in the van, at least one protester said "who the hell are you?" Another who knew her from unrelated reasons asked "What the hell are you doing here?"

My situation had dispersed, and I tried in vain to get a police officer to talk to me, so I could get Carolyn to be let go. None of them would talk to me. It was around this time that I learned that the screamin violent pottymouth was actually a plainclothes police man. I guess when He was swearing and threatening me, it was just his way of saying that he was a police officer, and that was his job.

I finally ran into friends of the protesters, and my friend Lara, who had seen everything. We headed with our various agendas to the police station.

Once there, I was told that there was nothing that I could do until at least Monday to make any sort of complaint. I was also told Carolyn was being charged with "disturbing the peace" (you know, the peace of a protest that gets disturbed when you try to get the police to do their job.) I would see the plainclothes pottymouth around the corner, but nobody wanted to tell me who he was. Finally he walked by me, so I asked his name. He gave it, and then looked like he just recognized me and asked for mine. He walked away, but several minutes later, came up to me, smugly made a point that he would give me his name (Harrington) and badge number, and asked for my name, address, and various other information. For a split second, I mused the


August 25, 1997

Reverend Richard J. Mackin
~~1200~~ Commonwealth Avenue
Allston, MA 02134-4018

Dear Reverend Mackin:

Upon receipt and careful review of your letter concerning the actions of an Area D-4 Police Officer, I have determined that this matter should be reviewed by the Department's Internal Affairs Unit. Therefore, I have forwarded your letter to them, and an investigator from this unit should be contacting you soon regarding this issue.

Sincerely,


Captain Charles J. Cellucci
Commander, Area D-4

CJC/eh



Boston Police

Office of the Commissioner
154 Berkeley Street
Boston, Massachusetts 02116

August 25, 1997

Rev. Richard J. Mackin
100 Commonwealth Avenue
Boston, MA 02116
Allston < MA 02134

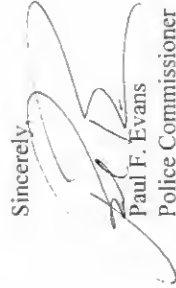
Dear Rev. Mackin:

I would like to take this opportunity to acknowledge your recent correspondence concerning an incident you observed and were involved in on Friday, August 8th.

I have forwarded your concerns to the attention of Superintendent Ann Marie Doherty, the Chief of the Bureau of Internal Investigations, and instructed her to contact you to investigate your complaint further.

Please do not hesitate to contact the Superintendent's office to follow-up on this matter at ~~362-4366~~

Sincerely,


Paul F. Evans
Police Commissioner

cc: Superintendent Ann Marie Doherty
Chief, Bureau of Internal Investigations

PFE/kk

BOSTON POLICE WORKING HARD



PROTECTING YOU FROM KIDS WITH SIGNS

possibility of some funny pseudonym, since he never saw any ID, but I knew I would be following up, so I didn't. I told him what was going on, that all I saw was a guy in a polo shirt harassing another guy in an already tense situation. I reminded him that at no point did anyone tell me he was cop. He told me that he didn't need to tell me that he was. I asked how one tells a plainclothes cop from a regular guy if he doesn't tell you. He told me that I should keep my nose out of other people's business.

He apparently would not get along with most of my friends, the Brookline police officer, or the Red Cross.

Ever see the commercial with a couple in bed, silently contemplating the domestic abuse that they can hear upstairs. The man looks to the phone, but then turns off the light. A voice over and written message asks that in the situation, you NOT follow the advice of Officer Harrington.

Before he left, Officer Harrington told me not to be surprised if I received a citation in the mail for something to the effect of "obstruction of justice". (You know, the sort of justice that you obstruct when you report a crime to the police.) He also made it a point to tell me that he arrests people everyday. He used the same tone of voice that children do when they get caught doing something bad, and instead of fessing up, they get defiant, as if the accuser is in the wrong for catching them.

Again, I can understand the protesters being arrested. But why were three people, two of them unaware about the protest (from what I understand) arrested, and now face charged of disorderly conduct? Why is one man being charged for resisting arrest when he was arrested for no reason? Why was a plain clothes cop shoving and swearing? Why did he verbally and physically attack me when I informed other police of his actions, instead of merely saying that he was a cop? Who is being protected? Who is being served?

Carolyn's dad came to bail her out. He didn't seem to have to much use for me, despite me having nothing to do with her arrest. Of course, when you get a call like "this is Boston Police, we have your teenage daughter here under arrest. Some guy is with her", I am sure you don't want to get to know the guy.

After all this, Lara and I walked home. Oddly enough, we had been living in the same building for months without realizing it.

The only documentation of this event (besides variations of this article being printed in various punk magazines) was a nondescript article in the Boston Globe about 14 protesters being arrested at an anti-meat rally. No mention of 3 passerby. I tried to contact numerous news people, and talked to one

reporter, but nothing resulted to my knowledge.

As far as I am aware, all of those arrested got off by bargaining. Mostly on a "we won't charge you, if you don't sue us." sort of thing. I may be wrong, but nobody has been able to give me more details.

The photos I took inspired me to buy a halfway decent camera. The people at Internal affairs are all very nice, and very upfront and honest.



Handcuffed protester being dragged away.